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ἔνθα βούλαι μὲν γεγονότων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμειλίαι
καὶ ποιοὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ Σπύλα

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

PRINCETON N.J.

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James M. Smith

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No. II.

THE SPIRIT AND SPORTS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH.

"THESE were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like these,
With sweet accession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled."

Never was there a merrier or a more jolly people than our ancestors in the old country. To them the whole year was one round of gaiety and amusement. Feast, fair and festal days filled up the calendar; thus very naturally the almanac was their most important book, and that which now seems but a useless and superstitious occupation of its space—signs and saints—to them was the record of pleasant things to come. The whole nation in whatever capacity or condition, whether as the settled old gentleman and his picturesque dame, lad or lass, monk, friar or priest, the merchant or his apprentice; in fact all grades from the king to the ploughman danced, sang and played their pranks, the whole year round. Even corporations, so sordid now-a-days, so full of dignity and consequence, would formerly adjourn on Easter day, to play ball on the commons. The head and instructors of universities, so punctilious and magisterial now-a-days, were formerly masters of the revels, and leaders of the sports of their jocund scholars. Staid dames, who boasted the possession of a good solid spouse, would contend in foot ball with their less favored sisters, who though equal in age, were unequal in privilege. And what would shock all the notions of propriety at the present time, why Sir Walter Scott and the Earl of Home played foot-ball in Ettrick forest!

The Court of Charles the Second—and courts are generally ostentatious and formal in their ceremonies, and kings inaccessible by reason of their pompous and stately etiquette—was open to every reveller; and the free and easy intercourse of the King was given to any one who could crack a good joke or play a smart prank.

Though this good cheer of king and people varied with different reigns and in different ages—sometimes vulgar, boisterous and licentious, and again almost obliterated in the severity and bigotry of theological disputes—yet never did the merry Englishman lose his buoyancy of spirit and sportiveness of manners, but always alike turned into fun the asceticism of the round head and the haughtiness of the cavalier. The same spirit existed, when in their Saxon character, beneath the thatched roof, thane and ceorl passed the time around the board with “jolly good ale and old.” The same, when in the more courtly and less sensual age of Edward the Third, they spent the time in tournaments, knightly exercises and sportive dalliance, in hunting and hawking. The same, when as Canterbury Pilgrims, they refreshed themselves, over night, in the snug and social inn with their jolly host, and beguiled the tedium of their day journeys with pleasant and jocose stories. The same spirit animated their festival exercises, their religious ceremonies, their official and mercantile transactions; excited the cockney to his treatment of the rustic lords, and rendered the beggar’s life a jolly one.

Nothing cramped, but all rather increased this spirit. The monk and the bishop were as good patrons of the tapster and as expert in the field sports, as any of their flocks; they were in fact the promoters of such things, even often to their own scandal. Saint’s days became gala days; St. Stephen’s day was allotted to the jockey, and Candlemas given up to mirth, custom and sport were synonymous and inseparable, and perhaps, had it not been for the few exceptions to the great body of the religious order, the good parsons of religion, as Chaucer expresses it, that excess which naturally attends such festivity might have rendered the picture grossly debasing. But be that as it may, England was “merrie,” not only in general outbreaks, in

which the whole nation joined, but each town and hamlet and family had some particular occasion for its jollity. Stamford had its bull-running, Hygate its custom of swearing on the horns, and Copenhagen house its game of ball and tennis; nor should we omit the "Riding Stang," familiar to many by its employment of the cowl-staff, with which mistress Page had the lusty Falstaff carried down and dumped in the ditch. Merry wives of Windsor were but the singled out characters of the merry wives and maids of England.

But we must not pass by those great festival days, many of which are even now the delight of childhood and of blessed memory to the aged. New Years opened the year with its was-sail, when the neighbors assembled round the social hearth and drank their differences in jolly *lambrewool*, sent their friendly gifts, and rang their merry bells.

Twelfth night, now styled Epiphany, with its "twelve tide cakes," followed New Years, and was the limit of the Christmas festivities; it was celebrated by some Gregorians as the true Christmas, and was thus sanctioned, as is said, by the kneeling of the oxen, with holy reverence, at midnight. This was the time when mischievous boys pinned the skirts of men and women together while gazing with rustic stare at the luscious pastry in the bakers' windows. Easter, so familiar to us all, is but a relic of old England's Easter. It was on this day that the ceremony of "heaving" was performed. A party of blithesome females would assail some unfortunate fellow, and by importunity and force, cause him to mount the chair and then raise him aloft, demanding while in this position a contribution; the custom no doubt originated in the idea of the resurrection. Besides these we will mention Good Friday with its cross buns, Plough Monday and its rural processions, St. Valentines' day, when doves mate, Michaelmas the rent day, when the steaming goose occupied the table, and All Souls' day, and All Fools' day, and All Saints' day, and St. Agnes Eve, so beautifully memorialized by Keats. This latter, together with Advent night was the occasion when young damsels divined, by various means, to discover their wooers and their disposition.

But the best festival of our ancestors was the merry, merry May, which, unlike many others, arose spontaneously from their natures and embraced so much of rural refinement, and *gaiete de cœur*. "It is this custom that tends to infuse poetic feeling in the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity." It needs no description now, for its passionate loves have been sung in too many a ballad and song, and interwoven in too many a tale, its picturesque pole and dancing lads, its garlands and queen have too often entered into descriptions. Another festival similar to St. Agnes eve was Halloween, immortalized by Burns, and known more especially to children as the time to vex servants by ringing door bells and to play tricks on pedestrians. Speaking of this occasion Burns says :

" And many lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided,"

and again what may be said of all English merrymakings :

" With merry songs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they did not weary ;
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery."

Shrove Tuesday was the most frolicsome day in the whole year. The people as if relieved of all their sins by confessions "ate and drank," said Fitz-Stephens, "and abandoned themselves to all sorts of sportive foolery, as if resolved to have their full of pleasure before they died." The most marked feature of the day was what is called "threshing of the Fat Hen," a favorite sport among the vulgar ; a hen was tied to the back of a man, whose dress was hung with bells, several others with broom sticks in their hands were blind-folded by their sweet-hearts, who generally left a loop-hole in favor to their wooers ; it was the design of the game to hit the hen and of course occasioned great sport. On this day, at Scone, the bachelors and married men would contend in foot-ball, and so general and hearty was the exercise that people were obliged to secure their windows by hurdles.

Guy Fawkes' day, still celebrated with all its ancient sport,

is similar to our Fourth of July; effigies of Guy were burnt, and bon-fires kindled and fire works displayed, and when "Guy met Guy then came the tug of war." At last Christmas closed the year. It was to winter what May day was to summer. Instead of being confined to one day, and that stinted to the dinner; it then took up twelve days full of good cheer "to vassel, tennant, serf and all." Every house was hung with holly and mistletoe, every table was loaded with its plum porridge and Christmas pie, and every kitchen reeked with the savor of its dainties. Uncontrolled sociality mingled all ranks. The bringing in of the boar's head, the wassail bowl, the games and sports, and Christmas carols made this time the happiest and best of all the year.

"England was merry England when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again;
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
 A poor man's heart thro' half a year.

Aside from these festivals, there were sports which characterized very many of them, and which are interesting to us, as most have survived, though stripped of much of their interest, while the occasions that prompted them, have long since perished. The principle one of these sports is the game of ball, in all its varieties. There is something so exhilarating in this, that no wonder it was a favorite among our ancestors. Hand ball was known before the days of Homer, and was formerly played at Easter in Cathedrals when the ecclesiastics danced to the music of the organ, while Dean, Bishop and Archbishop tossed the ball at one another about the altar. Palm ball, under the name of tennis or fives, was early known, and is similar to our alley ball. The earl of Hertford entertained Queen Elizabeth, once upon a time, with this game; and John Cavanagh was celebrated as a great fives player. At Kingston several parties would carry around the foot-ball and beg for its cost till twelve o'clock, when they would set it off and play for four hours. Horse racing was a favorite amusement with all for-

merly, and unfortunately bred a profession of jockeys. Divested of all its evil accompaniments, Dr. Parr, who advocated whist playing, would no doubt have upheld it, for the horse is a noble animal, full of spirit and dignity.

The main elements in all these festivals and sports were jollity and love, a certain exhilaration of animal spirits and a deep inward passion. It is this spirit that gives to our early authors that vein of humor which brightens every page. It is that which is so grotesque and genial in Chaucer's lay of "Old English fathers," it is that which adds such a charm to Shakespeare's plays and causes us to feel that "we live, move and have our being" among its actors. It is the subject of "poor Goldy's" plaintiff strains, the main ingredient in Irving's tales, and the muse of Burns' verse. Nor can there be instanced a better evidence of the difference between England and Scotland than the different tones of this spirit, which is seen in their ballads and poetry; the Scot is martial and so are all his effusions, the Englishman is peaceful and rural and so are his sports and ballads.

Some, perhaps, may think from the instances of festivals and sports cited, that they consisted chiefly in vulgar merriment and coarse, uncouth amusement; but nothing could be so wide from the truth. They were pre-eminently rural and refining; though it is true that many were boisterous, some cruel (happily extinct), yet most consisted in healthful exercise, in genuine sociality passionate love and rural refinement, when "the garland gay and rosemary" crowned the May pole and its queen, and the holly decorated the happy mansion. Many were the St. Agnes and Halloweens; Christmas, running through twelve days, was remarkably social; and no more refining festivity could exist than May day.

In fact the prominence given to rural refinement is very evident to every student of English antiquities and to every reader of its poetry. An author speaking of its poetic literature, says, that it resembled a fresh blooming virgin, just entering into life, while the Italian at that period resembled one delicate and beautiful, yet sickly and declining. No better examples of its re-

fining influence can be given, than the elegant Surry, the knightly Sidney and the courtly Raleigh. And much of our own enjoyment and many of our privileges we ought to attribute to this spirit of our own ancestors. It nursed that freedom which we now enjoy; it assisted in forming the nature of the "bold peasantry;" it produced a good social feeling and a poetic spirit among the common people, it gave us a genial literature, noble men of many forms and a beautiful rural isle teeming with associations. Nor did it, as one might imagine, unfit the English for the sterner duties of life, never were there better soldiers than the heroes of Agincourt and Poitiers, few monarchs as commanding and sagacious as Edward the Third and Elizabeth, never a better Knight than the author of the *Arcadia*.

"But rural mirth and manners are no more,"

"Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,

"Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose."

The rich man's parks enclose the green where the villagers sported and the smoking factories and collieries imprison the sportive youth.

The sports and the spirit which animated them live only in the poetry of our ancestors, or in the representations and grotesque figures of illuminated title pages, in Froissart's pictures and Hogarth's paintings, in the ponderous volumes of some diligent antiquarian, in the futile efforts of such men as the Squire of Banbridge Hall, in the humorous sketch of John Gilpin, or among the inhabitants of the recesses of Cornwall and old neglected boroughs. The good, hospitable "Franklins" and "Saint Julians" have long since departed with the rites, among which, they so prominently figured.

The decline has been attributed to the universal thirst for gain, yet there are other causes which operated, causes which alike in part produced and from their removal destroyed them. The first we will mention is Catholicism, this, in fact, is one of its redeeming features. This system of religion from its very nature had a long train of holy days, and preserved the spirit of sociality among its ecclesiastics; of course with its decline many of its feasts and customs departed with it. Fortunately

in some respects and unfortunately in others, for while it rid us of many rude and cruel games, it bereaved us of many which were wholesome and useful. The spirit which destroyed that hierarchy was blinded to all its good features and indiscriminately obliterated its parts. Soon after its downfall there arose that ascetic puritanism, whose only dark features is its outlawing of sports. May poles were styled by them as a heathenish vanity and minced pies on Christmas, as profane and superstitious. This raised many scruples among conscientious people, who handed their sports over to the jockey and the vulgar; yet enough of them was left to the genial care of Episcopacy to preserve them for the enjoyment of the people. In this state of their history they were divested of most of their coarser features. But the support of Episcopacy could not preserve them from the inroad of that sobriety which the spirit of inquiry engenders, nor from the overwhelming thirst for gold, which produces pride in the higher classes and an apishness of manners in the lower. It smothers all buoyancy of spirit and eats out the soul with its cankerous care. It sacrifices all the glorious relics of antiquity and the generous disposition of ~~our~~ fathers, to the hurry of trade and the luxury of wealth. The effects of all this in course of time, will be, to produce a lank and imbecile populace, a licentious and effeminate aristocracy which must, some time or other, warp the spirit of improvement and advance. We will acknowledge, though not discrediting our position, that there is a tendency in refinement and elaborate education to mellow the manners and produce a reserved dignity and distance between the two great classes of society; yet that the one is perfectly consistent with the other we need no better proof than the cases of Surrey, Raleigh, Sydney and the Marquis of Newcastle who lived during the revolution of 1688. The dignity and easiness of measures which education and refinement produces are not inconsistent with the jovial and merry spirit of the people, but the love of gold, and pride its natural effect is diametrically opposed to it. The nation, it is true, is growing old, yet there can be a youthful old age; and while its grey hairs are its coming glory, cheerfulness of disposition

and warmth of feelings can only render it agreeable and beneficial.

It is a question which has agitated many of our social reformers, how shall we improve the condition of the lower classes? Societies have been organized, systems and plans proposed, men of talent and means enlisted; yet the same errors which they have proposed to remedy still exist, the poor still want bread and clothing, vice and intemperance still abound, money is still squandered, and troubles and difficulties still arise. Now their error seems to be in the mistaken object of amelioration, and the means to be employed. They pander to the appetite as a means of satisfying it. It is not the chiefest part of a happy condition to have enough to eat and drink and wear; a cheerful spirit, a contented mind and a social disposition make the happy man; his food and clothing are secondary matters. Then we would propose as errors to be amended, the exclusiveness of manners, the coldness of friendship, and the formality of society; the weak and imbecile frames of all, the vice and extravagance of pride and poverty. We do not want to make all on a level, to equalize property and knock down all the barriers of distinction between industry and idleness, education and ignorance, goodness and vice; these have too strong advocates—advocates led to this extreme by the present condition of society. We would not prevent the man of taste and wealth from enjoying his "*otium cum dignitate*;" it is the simple sports of the poor as a means of their amelioration that we advocate, not as allured by the attraction which our early history offers, or by any fondness for antiquity, we advocate it in the full conviction that it is the great thing needful. We would brighten the care-worn face of poverty with cheerfulness; we would break the tension of all minds from corroding riches and invigorate the powers of the enervated people; we would substitute the rural and social pleasures of May and Christmas for the expensive pleasures of the present age; and as an effect from a return to the simplicity and freshness of nature, substitute a manly natural style of poetry for the metaphysical kind which seems now to be employed. Society should wear a debonair and cheerful

face; and we can produce it by no means better than those which produced it among our fathers, when "youth were encouraged and feasted with very little cost and always their feasts were accompanied with exercise," as says old Tusser.

But sports must have their stimulants—occasions animating by their associations. We have seen the effect of the removal of the Catholic festivals, so in all cases sports will degenerate into mere gymnastic performances unless there are associations to add dignity and meaning. 'Tis unfortunate that our history offers so few festival and gala days, or at least, that so few have been appropriated. There have lived and died as many heroes in the field and statesmen in the Senate; there have been as many eras in our history and victories in our wars, with some revived English festivals, as would make us a peculiar and a happy people—a people, instead of being mostly affected by the fluctuations in the money market, would be affected by the beats of generous hearts, and the outblow of social feelings. Though we must not expect to see a complete restoration of English sports, in their pristine prosperity, by reason of refinement, the settled condition of society, and lucubration, yet enough are left to relax the tension of our minds and drive away sickly sentimentalism, and to infuse that vigor of body and glow of health that will satisfy the requirement of a perfect man "*sana mens, in sano corpore.*" And thus by cherishing "the memories of the great and good," we not only will improve the condition of society, but sustain and foster the spirit of freedom. Emigration would be beneficial to our land did it bring with it instead of the thirst for gold, the games and sports of the old country, and plant a May pole on every green, and decorate every house at Christmas with holly and ivy.

Though the seats are crumbling to ruin where the refined Grecians assembled to witness the sports and contests of their champions, and the exhibition of their concentrated beauty and art; though the hoarse rude laugh of the multitude in the Roman Amphitheatre is as hushed as when Spartacus withdrew to foment conspiracy, though the courtly tournaments have perished with the bright loving eyes which witnessed and animated

them, and although the May pole is bare, and the grass grows untrodden on the green, and the ballads are hushed in the artificial music of the present time, yet we may expect the spirit which animated them to revive, in this peaceful country, and on May day and Christmas brush away the care-worn wrinkles of the laborer, and in the rural and gay festivities of the one give vent to the passion of love; and in the carols and savory feasts of the other give full play to the social feelings.

ERRATUM.—For Anti-Gregorian, read Gregorian, 51st page 18th line.

SERMONES BREVES.

BY A RECUMBENT INDIVIDUAL OR LAY-MAN.

SERMO I.

TEXT.

————— " Silence is only commendable,
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible."

BRETHREN AND MEN ! MEN AND BRETHREN !

Doubtless you have often observed that the most eminent and original authors, in all ages, have not been so careful to select novel subjects for their pens, as to present in a new light, and thoroughly elucidate theories previously, but unsatisfactorily *the* considered. Witness Homer, whose immortal epic is a summary of the lays of many antecedent minstrels.—Virgil, whose eclogues are paraphrases of Theocritus; his Georgics founded on the works of Hesiod and Aratus; his *Cœnead*, the metre and theme of which is that of the Iliad: in our own day behold Thomas De Quincey, two of whose best essays are on Intemperance and War, or Edward Everett, whose most popular address is on the character of George Washington. Now my dear readers, when I announce to you, that the subject of the following observations is *silence*, I hope that you will not only with resignation but cheerfulness, give me your

attention, in the confidence that though hackneyed and way-worn, it may by care and assiduity be considerably rejuvenated, and once more trotted out for inspection.

The words of my text may be found in Shakspeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice" and they are the remarks of the loquacious and sapient Gratiano. Silence has two or three different significations : hence, Gratiano's speech may be quite variously interpreted, as we apply the one meaning or the other. Let us, therefore, first accurately define silence and then discourse upon it, in the particular sense of the text. "If it may not seem to you pedantic," allow me to observe that silence in Latin, is *Silentium* and in Greek *Σιγή*. The derivation of the word, however, in this case, does not at all clarify the signification of it in English and so I will say no more on this point. Silence then has three significations. 1st In the general sense, stillness. 2nd. Forbearance of speech for the time being. 3d. Habitual forbearance of speech, or taciturnity. In the text the word has the third signification, viz. : taciturnity.

Gratiano very pointedly expresses his condemnation of this habitual reserve, when he says that it is only praiseworthy in dried beef-tongue, or in a maiden lady, who on account of being past marriageable age, lack of beauty, or some other reason, is not marketable. I heartily agree with him in his disapprobation. Taciturnity is occasioned by four circumstances.

The first is diffidence. It is a fact frequently observed that persons of great learning and much thought have been inferior and reserved in conversation. I suppose you have all heard the following anecdote of Joseph Addison. Multifarious as was his learning and all comprehensive as was his mind, his colloquial powers were most contemptible. One evening he was at a party, and sitting as usual in one corner of the room, when a lady came up to him, and reproachfully, asked why he did not join in the general conviviality and take a part in conversation. "Madame," said he confessing his deficiency, "I have but a penny *ready* money, but have such resources at my command, that I can draw for a thousand pounds." Oliver Goldsmith, again, whose versatility as an author, all must admit to have

been quite extraordinary, never had much to say in company, though he sometimes seems to have been ambitious to rival Dr. Johnson in dialogue. In such cases, he always most egregiously failed and made himself an object of ridicule and contempt. Some of Goldsmith's friends were once amusing themselves by making up epitaphs for one another, and Garrick, the actor, perpetrated this one on Goldsmith.

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, who for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll."

Mr. T. B. now Lord Macaulay, the great essayist of the *Edinburgh Review*, is said to be another of these taciturn geniuses. Some anecdotes are related of this feature in him, but I will not rehearse them.

This muteness in men, accustomed to much reflection arises, we say from diffidence. Colloquial power is as much a matter of cultivation as elocution or graceful manners. Since much assiduity and seclusion is necessary to vast acquisitions of knowledge, those who have ~~not~~ devoted themselves to this have not the leisure or do not take it, to cultivate ease in conversation. Hence when a demand is made upon them, for extemporaneous effort they are impotent and fail as much in the attempt, as a boor would in endeavouring to make a polite bow. Then rather than be a laughing stock, their diffidence makes them reserved. Great men, thus inferior, often severely feel their deficiency. This was the case with Charles Lamb. In a letter to Coleridge, he says, "you are the only correspondent and I might add the only friend, I have in the world. Slow of speech and reserved in my manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone."

Another thing occasions this taciturnity in our philosophers. Having become habituated to close study, their habits of abstraction at length obtain such command over them, that when in company they are oblivious to what is transpiring about them, forget where they are, and neglecting conversation with others, continue their self-communion. It was in vindication of this kind of reserve, that D'Israeli remarks, "*mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to reflect.*"

A third circumstance occasioning taciturnity is paucity of thought. This more frequently accompanies loquacity, for as hollow bodies will make louder sounds than solid ones, so numsculls are generally found more talkative than men of sense. Occasionally, however, an ignorant individual is found, who yet has native shrewdness enough to conceal his shallowness under the garb of silence. Coleridge relates an anecdote of a man of this variety. Being at a dinner party, he observed a person opposite him of commanding appearance, noble forehead and glistening eye. Coleridge thought that he must be a man of surpassing genius and longed to hear him converse. Two-thirds of the meal he kept perfectly quiet, never uttering a word. Finally, he commenced speaking. Coleridge was breathless with attention. The man observed—"these tomatoes are very good." What a pity that he did not keep on his visor: he might, then, have passed for a sage.

One more cause of reserve we will mention and then conclude. There are some, who not being wise, desire the reputation thereof. They differ from the class just spoken of, in the end that they have in view. Those wish to conceal their ignorance, these to be considered wise. Hence, having observed that wisdom is often silent and laconic, they assume this exterior, and with a little tact are able to make a pretty fair show. Our Gratiano depicts them very graphically in the words a little preceding the text. He says:

" There are a sort of men, whose visages,
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
With purpose to be dressed with an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore are reputed wise,
For saying nothing."

I have now, in mentioning four different causes, mentioned four different *genera* of the *species* taciturn. Let me next call your attention to a few "concluding remarks." Silence is not

commendable in either of these four varieties of mutes. Our inconvertible philosophers should endeavor to improve their colloquial abilities, for, although there are other means, than by conversation, of communicating knowledge, yet this is a very agreeable and important one. Our abstracted, metaphysical speculators should endeavor to arouse themselves from their thoughtful stupor, when occasion requires. Our ignorant mutes, who wish to conceal their non-information by the veil of silence act commendably in one respect, and not in another. They act commendably in hiding their ignorance, but, again, do not, because in these days of diffusive knowledge, it is the privilege of every one who will, to be very well instructed. Our fourth variety who put on the semblance of wisdom are not only not praise-worthy but despicable. They are deceivers. As for them, let them obtain the substance, and they will no longer be solicitous about the shadow. If then silence is not commendable in either of these four cases, when is it commendable? In the language of the text, "in a maid not vendible." I will not say that it is absolutely praiseworthy in this case, but still I advise taciturnity in old maids, for though we do not wish them to be entirely mum, yet their proneness to volubility is so great, that by enjoining absolute mumness, we may secure the golden mean and a proper degree of communicativeness.

Finally, my friends, to apply these remarks and make them practical, let those of us, who are reserved endeavor to make ourselves sociable, and cultivate our blessed endowment, of ability to commune man with man.

Let those of us who are loquacious curb the tongue (that valuable member, yet one so liable to become "unruly,") and bring it into suitable subjection.

To conclude. In the words of Mortimer, in the play of King Henry VI, I give you this general injunction.

"With silence, be ye politic."

J. Richards

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES.

How gaily moves the ship from shore,
How high her pennants wave,
She seeks the blue and boundless deep,
Its loftiest crests to brave.
The gladdening sun looks down as if
To cheer her onward way,
And favoring winds her canvas swell,—
Oh, 'tis a gladsome day.

The far-off hills soon disappear,
Commingling with the sky,
And every face is lit with mirth,
Each heart with joy beats high.
The full-voiced youth, with hope elate,
Joy beaming on his brow,
The aged, too, borne down with years,
All, all seem happy now.

A few short days, if Heaven be kind
While journeying o'er the main,
Will to their friends and happy homes
Restore them once again;
The father, to his household band,
The youth, to his maiden lover,
Hence all, with expectation filled,
Emotions deep discover.

But ere the western sun withdraws,
His radiance from the skies,
Portentous clouds obscure his disc,
And threatening billows rise;
And long before another sun
Doth gild the eastern wave,
That noble ship with all her freight,
Have found an ocean grave.

So in life's schemes we oft embark,
When prospects seem all fair,
A bow of hope the future spans,
We see no clouds of care.
We long to gain some cherished end,
Some distant joy to find,
And with a balm of earthly good,
To satisfy the mind.

4

But Heaven decrees that all such good
Far from our grasp shall fade,
And counteracts the choicest plans,
Our erring minds have laid.
Then from delusion we awake,
To view our hapless doom,
And see our bright desires eclipsed
In sadness and in gloom.

X.

GENERAL WALKER AND THE UNITED STATES.

IN these days of *free opinion*, when the authority of the highest tribunal of the nation is not only questioned, but the arbitrations of its able officers are stigmatized, *ad libitum*, with every degrading epithet, it should seem in nowise strange if the question be asked, *should the United States aid General Walker?* Far from it: and not only is the subject held to be a debatable one, but it may be readily presumed that he who should exclaim against the possibility of its decision in favor of the affirmative side, would be considered arbitrary and unreasonable in an extreme degree.

We will not stop to inquire how consonant such a state of things may be with the stern national virtue of our early history as a republic, but proceed to the consideration of the subject as it stands before us. Perhaps it may be shown that the practical settlement of this question involves issues of deep moment to every American citizen; issues which render it obligatory upon him to inform himself fully of the facts of the case, and to act conscientiously upon the convictions thus obtained. Ours is a popular form of government—resting for its manner of organization at any one period, on the suffrages of a vastly numerous people; and it is eminently necessary therefore, that this people be acquainted with its true interests; that

all its enactments, made through the instrumentality of representatives, unite wisdom and forethought, and bear directly on the general prosperity, and conduce to national stability; furthermore, that the operation of an established system of government—proved conclusively to be a salutary one, be not impeded by the transient prejudices of its original founder—the people, nor by any timidity or hesitancy of the executive, in view of such existing prejudices. And yet, that the latter has been the case with regard to General Walker, is, we fear, an undeniable fact. Exciting the sympathies of his countrymen by his daring and adventurous career, and by the apparent nobility of the cause on which he embarked, he has blinded them to the violation of their laws, and more than this, has prevailed upon them to sanction and assist him in direct opposition to the clearly defined regulations of the government. It is by reason of this, that the executive has failed to adopt those prompt measures of interference and restraint which violated laws demanded, but, which fear of offending popular prejudice contravened.

He undoubtedly *has* disregarded the laws of the United States; by raising and equipping an army independently of the general government—a privilege which the constitution denies to the proudest and greatest member of the confederacy, save in time of sudden and imminent peril; by leading this army beyond our territory and entering—on his own behalf, into a military alliance with a foreign state; by engaging with this state, in offensive and defensive operations against a government at peace with our own. In all this, he has received the aid and coöperation of American citizens. The objection is here made that Walker is not an American citizen, having become voluntarily expatriated; and, therefore, that the above point does not apply. If this be so, does he not enter the same category with Crampton? Does he not fall under the same laws, the, in that instance, trivial violation of which, created such difficulties between England and the United States, and threatened a serious rupture between the two governments?—But it may be shown that this objection is groundless. The

matter of *expatriation* has been recently and fully explicated by the Attorney General, and, reasoning from his statement, General Walker is yet a citizen of this republic, subject to its laws and the penalties of their infraction. "There is no mode of renunciation prescribed," says he. "If he emigrates, carries his family and effects with him, manifests a plain intention not to return, takes up his permanent residence abroad, and assumes the obligations of a subject to a foreign government, this would imply a dissolution of his previous relations with the United States. * * * * At all events, the fact of renunciation is to be established, like other facts, for which there is no prescribed form of proof, by any evidence which will convince the judgment. Now, *has* General Walker by any evidence which will convince the judgment, established the certainty or even the probability of his expatriation? He was, originally a full American citizen; and forming the scheme in question, prevailed upon other citizens to aid him in its realization. He has, from the commencement of the enterprise, depended wholly on the pecuniary and other assistance of resident Americans. All his supplies and reinforcements have come directly from the States, and he has relied upon the sympathies of the people with him, as their fellow-countryman, for the forthcoming of those auxiliaries. His family and effects remain in the United States; and on the failure of his enterprise he has returned to his native country, and is now, by personal effort and by means of agents through the States, engaged in raising forces and soliciting further support, for a second attempt.

The mere fact of his *renouncing* citizenship has no weight, unless sustained and substantiated by subsequent acts. It is important that this be remembered; for by recollecting the merely formal act, and disregarding his real movements, we shield him from the laws, to which his actions clearly prove him subject, and invite him to their further violations. He may adroitly plead expatriation when liable to the discipline of the government; and claim protection and sympathy, as a citizen of the republic, when threatened by foreign powers, or when attempting the second time to realize his "manifest destiny."

We may, therefore, reasonably assume that he is virtually subject to the regulations and duties incumbent on every other citizen; and in this view, he has disregarded the policy of his country; a policy established by the wisdom and forethought of its founders and a long line of patriots, and shown to be a salutary one, by the history of the nation's progress. It is to that firm and unwavering adherence to the policy of non-intervention, which has characterized American legislation, that we owe our untrammelled national position. Through periods, when every other first-class nation of the globe was entangled with foreign relations, and when each political convulsion thrilled through the whole mass—oftentimes threatening disorganization to every member, the United States has stood clearly and firmly on her own basis, a calm and unaffected spectator. Perhaps this adherence was never more severely tried than when Kossuth appealed to us for aid on behalf of Hungary. Surrounded by despotism coldly bent on extinguishing its last spark of liberty, yet still striving, under all its troubles and crushing disadvantages, to realize the wild hope of enfranchisement and independence, that unhappy country brought the appeal directly to the hearts of a people, which had such good cause to sympathize with it, in the frantic struggle to be free. Nor was the eloquence of its advocate of small effect in arousing this sympathy; but the wise convictions of our statesmen—notwithstanding the peculiar nature of the circumstances, the righteousness of the cause and the fire of its advocate and general, prevailed; and the consciousness that the welfare and prosperity of their own country claimed the first and weightiest consideration, and that a departure from the established policy would jeopardize the interests of the nation, rendered it necessary to give a sad, but resolute refusal.

General Walker, however, with a total disregard of the spirit of our Constitution and legislation, has volunteered to decide a foreign quarrel, in which the United States has no concern, and with which, the nature of the circumstances renders it dishonorable for her to interfere. In spite of all this, he receives the inconsiderate sympathy of the people; when, indeed

they have good cause for its withdrawal, and on the very same grounds of its first excitement. It is no longer a matter of doubt, in regard to the motives which prompted his entrance into Central American affairs, that personal aggrandizement, and not the amelioration of an unhappy country, was his main object. In his attempts to attain it he has fomented the discord, he went pledged to allay ; he has rendered nearly complete the disorganization, whose imminence displayed to him originally an opportunity to realize that "manifest destiny ;" he has impoverished the country by perpetuating the hostilities which his very interference served the more to inflame. Nor are these the only considerations which demand a denial of that sympathy which has served hitherto, to sustain him in this course. Our own countrymen, hundreds of whom, by alluring prospects, and by specious promises made by Walker, were tempted to risk their lives in the support of his enterprise, have been unjustly and cruelly treated by him ; have been refused their clear right to return, when the term of enlistment was completed, and disappointment and privation had broken their spirits, and with the aid of disease, their constitutions also. On the miscarriage of his projects, and his return to the United States, he has left many of his men—destitute even, of the necessities of life and ruined in health, to find their way as best they can, to the homes they were induced foolishly to leave, and the poverty and suffering which their wild expedition engendered. *Facts* support these assertions : and although so many appeal against the truth of newspaper statements and the current accounts of the affair, without attempting however, to adduce any counter evidence, we would prefer not to retract, what innumerable sources furnish grounds for believing, until the appearance of good reasons shall render it proper to do so.

Perhaps the tendencies and probable results, of sanctioning and aiding General Walker, should also have their weight, in our determination upon a course with regard to him. By assisting him, the Government warrants the violation of its most explicit regulations, and invites to, and countenances, a disregard of the injunctions of the constitution. It holds up its own

policy before the world as null and void, and offers an opportunity for foreign ridicule ; while it breaks down its strongest safeguard from entangling and ruinous relations. Walker has already complicated our relations with England and thrown obstacles in the way of an adjustment of difficulties which have at times threatened a rupture between that country and our own : and for the very simple reason that he is identified with the United States in his operations, by the English ; and jealousy of the increasing power and influence of the republic, and the lurking suspicion of annexation being ultimately attempted by us, in the minds of British ministers, have induced double-facedness and indefiniteness in their negotiations ; and will continue to do so while Walker is allowed to filibuster, and the acquisition of Nicaragua by the United States is a supposable occurrence.

Now, while these considerations are presented, we are far from counselling a cringing servility to foreign opinions, or a departure on the part of our country from that noble spirit of independence of all extraneous favor and applause which has hitherto characterized its legislation. But we do deprecate that laxity in the administration of affairs which offers to the schemes of individual and unworthy ambition, an opportunity to clog the operations of a great nation and induce a hostile and disastrous issue between it and another power. Sanction Walker, and you spread an inviting prospect before every disappointed and aspiring demagogue ; you set a precedent, fruitful of evils and difficulties in succeeding periods of the Republic ; and destroy the only security of any form of government—a strict and jealous guardianship of its prerogative, and an unfaltering exercise of its functions and powers.

But there is a topic involved in this question of far greater importance than any which we have touched upon hitherto ; namely, *Military Insubordination*. The existence and movements of an armed force within its territory, must always demand the concern and closest scrutiny of a free people. An army is the most tremendous machine within the grasp of man. Disciplined into thorough regularity and acting thus in one mass, and pos-

sessing all the refined instruments of war, nothing can withstand it in its advance save an equal and similar opposing force. It is by means of such organizations, that governments have been subverted, monarchs overthrown, nations conquered and the rights and liberties of people destroyed. Conscious of the grave nature of such an establishment, the wise founders of this republic took precautions against the perpetuation of a large military organization here; trusting in the patriotism and zeal of the whole people for the defence of the nation in periods of emergency and peril. In a well regulated army the word of the general is law, and all disobedience in the ranks or among subalterns, is punished by the arbitrary rules of military discipline; so that while under arms, it matters not how large the force, the general is the immediate and absolute authority with his soldiers. The only connection had by the government with the army in time of war, is through the commanding officer: does it not therefore, behoove the civil government to exercise the utmost vigilance, and its full authority upon the general in his movements? By the thorough control had by him over his men, and by the enthusiasm with which they invariably regard him—if a brave and able officer, it most assuredly does. When at the head of his troops, let him deviate in one particular from the orders of his government, let him take one independent step away from the prescribed course, even though it be for the probable welfare of his nation; let the grasp of the government relax for one instant and leave the army to attempt the scheme which its general may propose, and that government has no *surety* of its return—although the patriotism of the officer *may* recall him to his duty. But his patriotism may not *always* be firm. The army which is allowed to pursue an advantage to an extent unsanctioned by the government—which neglects to exercise its authority, from its interest in, and admiration of the daring or successful project—and which is led to still further attempts by one success, and the enthusiasm of the general, may suddenly but too late, be found to have become the instrument of dawning but fierce ambition in the leader; and may only return to overturn that government whose laxity allowed the first step

towards its destruction, and whose neglect of military insubordination was the swift precursor of its entire subversion. It was this that gave to Rome the bloody rivalry of Marius and Sylla ; it was this neglect to control the leaders who were gaining the sympathies of the people by their splendid successes, that brought upon her the fierce and ruinous contentions in the successive Triumvirates, and which destroyed the liberties of the people. It was from the fatal example set in this period, that those darkest times in her history flowed ; the days of her Neros and Caligulas ; and the ephemeral but brutal idols of the army in the latter stages of her decline.

We would not do General Walker the honor to associate his with those names which mark a nation's subjection in the Roman records ; but we do hold that the tendencies of his unrestrained attempts are kindred to their own, and that a great government should not open the way to an unsrupulous violation of its laws by some future and dangerous spirit, by the neglect to punish a more insignificant offender.

While human nature remains the same, personal bravery and daring will claim and gain the sympathies and admiration of men, in a degree proportionate to their extent and splendor. The soldier of fortune, who surmounts difficulties, and wins himself a name, is sure of the regard of his fellow men ; and when this sympathy is extended, while its object and and its awakening causes are in direct opposition to the law of the land, (for we need no *deep* research to learn that individual levying of armies, and expeditions within or without the country with these forces, independently of the government, are crimes against the United States) where, forsooth, is to be fixed its limit? By the principle of human nature, it is proportionate in vigor to the success and daring of its object ; and the general who has followed up one triumph by another and greater, will naturally gain an addition to the admiration awakened at first towards him. Let us beware lest this encouragement pass that point, when admiration for the adventurer has become sympathy with the *traitor*, and the national subjection is facilitated by the blind enthusiasm of the people.

And who shall fix a limit to the numbers of these independent forces? If the fillibustering army of three thousand men is quietly allowed to march beyond our boundaries, cannot thirty thousand also start upon their expedition, when the plausibility of the scheme will attract so powerful a force? There are in every country, multitudes of the disaffected and lawless, and numbers of adventurers, who, with nothing to lose, will join an undertaking where there is a possibility of anything to gain. Let the forces depart, and successive victories induce fresh numbers silently to join the cause, let the shrewd forbearance and hypocritical generosity of the leader blind the people to the terrible tendencies of things, and may not Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus and the king-making army of declining Rome exist again for us? Clay in 1819 raised his voice, and exerted all his strength, against a measure in honor of Jackson's unsanctioned seizure of Pensacola: said he, "Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our Republic, scarcely yet two score years old, to military insubordination! Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte; and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors." Cæsar had patriotism; else, why did he *pause* upon the Rubicon? Cromwell had patriotism; else, why did he labor to enfranchise his countrymen? Napoleon had patriotism; else, why did he seek so persistently the glory of France? But in their independent efforts and at the head of invincible armies, ambition saw the opportunity for its gratification, and the higher motive was crushed by the fierceness of the baser. Nor did Clay doubt the patriotism of Jackson, but he appreciated the intensity of the trials in the instances he adduced, and exclaimed against the precedent on account of the future perils it involved, to the liberties of his countrymen.

An eloquent Senator from Alabama, on an occasion suggesting kindred topics with the present, has said: "The veteran soldier who" has followed a victorious leader from clime to clime, will forget his love of country in his love for his commander; and the bayonets you send abroad to conquer a kingdom will

be brought back to destroy the rights of the citizen, and prop the throne of an Emperor." H.

RISKS OF THINKING.

A modern English writer observes that there are some subjects on which a man may think too much. Examining a little into the truth of this remark, we have been convinced that there are indeed risks in thinking. But the intimate connection between thought and science, the noble part it has played in rebuking error, its relation to human knowledge and action, and the numerous ways in which it has manifested its dignity and value, forbid the assertion that these risks arise from thought itself. It is only from the circumstances, the mode and the measure, in which thought is exercised that danger is to be apprehended. Perhaps the chief risk of thinking arises from the origination and adoption of false theories. Where the love of theory is unrestrained, fancy often usurps the place of fact, and conjecture obtains the homage due established truth alone. Theory is abused when vain and presumptuous limitations are given to knowledge, or when principles having no sure foundation are adopted, or when theories are propounded from mere love of display, or to startle the world of thought by giving forth "some new thing."

Plato encountered the danger when he produced his model Republic, a schme exalted to the skies for its purity and practicability, yet found on examination to be sensual and visionary enough. Des Cartes, building all science on a single foundation, with his shadowy forms, and world existing only in hypothesis; modern moral philosophers, making virtue synonymous with expediency, or obliterating all distinction between it and vice illustrate the danger incurred by too great a love of theory, and excite the wonder that they could ever have gained the support of the learned and the wise.

Thought, rightly exercised, wings its way ultimately to the source of all truth. It finds basis for its structures in the word of God alone. It is content to take the truth there presented in simplicity and sincerity, satisfied in the direction and government of Infinite Wisdom. But we have seen it, when all control has been cast aside; falling into an unfathomable abyss of mysticism and doubt, there giving forth as its triumphs, beliefs like those of Fatalism and Necessity, cheerless and hopeless, fettering and binding the souls of those upon whom their dark shadows may fall. Again, in its exercise, it is eminently productive of humility. As field after field of knowledge, never to be surveyed by a single mind, opens to the view, as ultimate boundaries of thought are reached, and the mind is tortured with unanswerable questions, as evidences of the glory and majesty of Infinite Wisdom are everywhere presented, a realizing sense of the insufficiency of man's intellect to conquer the whole domain of thought, and a feeling of awe in contemplation of omniscient intelligence, bows the soul in worship and adoration. But we have seen men, in the plenitude of their wisdom, exalt themselves into gods, "knowing good and evil." We have seen them tramp unshrinkingly "where angels might fear to tread," peering with unhallowed scrutiny into those mysteries God has kept as his own prerogatives. We have seen these transgress the bounds of revelation, assigning times and seasons to those events which the Omniscient has concealed from the beginning. We have seen them placing reason herself upon the throne of the Deity, or impiously exclaiming, "there is no God," and calling in the works of his hand to confirm the faith.

Another form of danger attracts our attention from its nobility and grandeur. Does the man of thought produce some idea glowing with truth, there is danger that the world may be ready to receive it, especially if it threatens to overturn existing principles of science, society or religion.

Disturb not the dust of antiquity is the cry, and a thousand arms are raised to repel the invader. In this case the danger threatens the thinker. It strikes deepest at the best interests of his heart, refuses the fondest desires of his soul. Life itself

may be imperilled, while the chill of disappointment, and hopes that lack fruition, are too often the only reward of a noble, thinking soul. How many Don Quixote like, "finding this life instead of a battle field for heroes in God's cause, nothing but frivolity, heartlessness and godlessness, become laughing stocks——and die!"

When Copernicus, standing as it were on the boundary line of a new era, dared assail the planetary system supported by the Church, dared deny that article of Christian faith, which determined the immoveability of the earth, that Church in retaliation opened upon him her batteries of persecution, poured out the cup of her vengeance, and consigned the philosopher heart-broken to his grave. But this danger is presented to few. The periods of great ideas like that of comets, is measured by centuries. Only here and there, like beacon lights in the darkness of the past, shine out the names of those who contended for, but never witnessed, the triumph of their ideas.

Thus then have we briefly and imperfectly considered a few of the risks that wait upon the position of the thinker. His is a station of dignity and responsibility, dangerous mostly from the the spirit in which thought is exercised. In the hands of one conscious of its power and mindful of its risks, it is of great temporal and eternal value. It should be cultivated in a spirit of humility, cherished with a feeling of thankfulness, ever acknowledging the presence and superiority of an all-wise Infinite Intelligence.

W.

A BATTLE HYMN.

THE armies face, and on a field,
Which to mankind was wont to yield
Earth's plenteous increase, stand to wield
The arms of war.

An ominous and rumbling sound,
Of moving cannon—shakes the ground
And fills the air, while all around
Appears the sheen,

Of sword and spear. All else is fled,
The candidates for glory's bed
Alone remain and angels shed
Their tears for men.

Who, hoping glory as their share
Will draw the blanks of those who dare
This lottery of battle, where
Few live to win.

Now on the tide of battle rolls,
Now swells a stream of human souls
Upward—for every cannon tolls
A doom of death.

Here fiercely bear the rushing steeds
The horsemen forth to do wild deeds :
And the broad earth voracious feeds
On human blood.

There steadily foot soldiers go,
With quickened step, to meet the foe ;
Their even line of bayonets glow
Like winter stars.

Earth quivering feels their armed tread,
But quivers not with awe—the dead
Are her's—her bosom is the bed
Where all must sleep.

The armies meet ; foe upon foe ;
And fiercely raging passions grow,
With their loud crashing steel—each blow
 Swells more their wrath.

Oh ! then is felt the combat's deep
Each soldier's mad—his mercies sleep
In slumber death-like ; from the deep
 Of hearts arise

A thirst for blood and demon's fire,
The only joy of Hell, so dire
That one may see a revered sire
 Fall by his side,

Without a tear, without a groan,
And feeling dark revenge alone,
Press madly onward to atone
 With 'Blood for blood.'

An hour goes by, the clouds arise ;
Dispersed the conquered army flies
And leaves a hard-contested prize
 To foe-man's hand.

That prize is but a field of death,
Pale forms of clay deprived of breath,
The images of one who snith
 That wars shall cease.

Still after all it's better far
To fall, a fierce and burning star,
Where struggling legions thickest are,
 Than live unknown.

For what is life ? An ocean shares,
Then what is one man, if he cares
For life above else, nor dares
 To be immortal ?

A soldier never really dies.
His parting is not pain, the skies
The brave receive, and he but flies
 To live renewed.

*By G. W. McGill
Son of Dr McGill*

A TRIP TO THE BALIZE.

A SKETCH FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF J. A. MES.

Richard

Virgil good bye ! Homer adieu !
 Bonnycastle go to sleep !
 I'll let you rest for a day or two,
 While I away to the deep.
 I'm going away to the deep blue sea.
 And a "devil-a-bit" care I for thee.

In the Spring of 1854, I was in New Orleans, preparing for College. Like many, who have abruptly determined to enter on a Collegiate course, I pursued my proemial studies with overmuch zeal ; made as many resolutions as Biron in the play of Love's Labor Lost, and at length, when my *ennui* became chronic, concluded with him, that :

" Universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
 As motion and long during action tires
 The sinewy vigor of the traveller."

As I was casting about to discover some kind of a jaunt or excursion, by which my ailments might be relieved and my spirits enlivened, a gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. W—, one of the proprietors of the " Ocean Line" of tow-boats, proposed that I should take a trip in one of these boats to the Balize.

By the Balize, is meant, in N. O., the mouth of the Mississippi river, where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. The word is French and signifies a beacon or buoy, and the mouth of the Mississippi is probably so designated on account of the exceedingly large number of these sea-marks that are in requisition there. To return to the narrative, I, at once and with much pleasure accepted, the proposal, for I knew that by this expedition, I should be enabled to breathe the pure ocean air of the gulf, and be continually witness of new and interesting scenes—what, than these, could be more rejuvenating in their character?

It was Saturday; and Monday afternoon was the time appointed for my departure. In the interim I got all things in

readiness for the trip ; (which is never performed in less than five or six days,) a change of clothing, fishing tackle, gun, ammunition, and two or three books : the "Stray Yankee in Texas" being one. On Monday, at 5 P. M., I took a carriage and started with my luggage to the river, driving down Dauphine St. to Esplanade and thence to the New Levee. Here at her moorings was steaming away the magnificent tow-boat, Thos. McDaniells. On each side were secured immense ocean ships, which she, or he, the boat, to judge from the name, being of the masculine gender, was to tow to the Gulf. over the *bar*, 110 miles from New Orleans. One was the Marion, bound for Liverpool with cotton ; the other, the Adrian, destined with a similar cargo for Trieste.

Mr. W—— was at the wharf ready to receive me. He led the way aboard the boat : assigned to me my berth and introduced me to the captains of the ship and the boat. I expected to have left immediately, but to my great disappointment that the ships, which we had in tow had not yet been able to obtain their complement of sailors, and hence we had to tarry beyond the advertised time of sailing. It was the time of the Crimean War, and it was with extreme difficulty that sailors could be prevailed upon to embark in vessels bound for Europe, lest they should be impressed for military service. A partial supply could be obtained by the payment of exorbitant wages, but as to the remainder, they must be secured by one of those ingenious, humane and civilized methods of moral suasion, of which sailors are the highly favored objects. The captains would send ashore the mates and other agents : these would seek a coffee-house on the *levee*, where sailors were known to congregate ; would go to the bar ; invite their victims to drink ; continue treating them till they were "sublimely intoxicated," and then conclude the melodrama by forcibly carrying them aboard the ship. Next morning, they would wake up and find themselves rapidly gliding down the river towards the Gulf.

Thus, as I was afterwards informed, was the complement of the Adrian and Marion obtained. While delayed in the harbor I had a fine opportunity to take a review of surrounding objects.

The tow-boats of New Orleans, of which several were anchored near us, are not the clumsy and dingy, though powerful *steam-tugs* of New York, but remind one more of the beautiful and fast-sailing Brooklyn ferry-boats. They have large and pleasant cabins, and as to state-rooms generally but two, which are provided only for chance passengers. These two however deserve the name: they are about 16 feet square, furnished with large bedsteads and with every convenience of a boudoir in a hotel. In the capacious holds of the boats are the engines, which, designed for great propelling capacity are of great size and strength.

The levee and harbor of New Orleans present very busy scenes. The former is always as crowded with vehicles of every name as West street or Fulton in New York. It is the only really thronged street in the city. In the harbor are always moored myriads of ships and ocean steamers; but the grand feature of interest is the countless number of magnificent river steamboats always in port. There is scarcely a moment of the day, when there may not be heard the signal-bells of a boat approaching or departing from the "Crescent City."

Opposite New Orleans lies peacefully located the manufacturing city of Algiers. There is a ferry communication across the river from city to city. Such were the objects of my contemplation, till a late hour in the evening. Every one was busily engaged, and I had to amuse myself as best I could. At length I withdrew to my state-room, where I slept as comfortably and soundly as if I had been ashore.

The next morning on arising, I found that we were rapidly steaming down the river. I went up on deck, and under the influence of the bracing morning air, began to be quite jubilant. Like Childe Harold, starting out on his pilgrimage, I gave vent to my feelings in song and, "to the elements, poured out my untaught melody, singing :

The breeze is soul-inspiring,
The morn is bright and gay;
The thought in my soul arising,
Is, "banish all care to-day." &c.

CHORUS: Merrily, merrily, glide we along,
 Cheerily, cheerily, I sing my song.

The scenery on either side was very picturesque. True, there were no Palisades, or noble Catskills, but there were verdant landscapes, dotted here and there with quaint old French homesteads, surrounded by the various plantation houses, waving fields of sugar cane and orange groves. I had a large opera glass, and this greatly assisted the view of some minor objects.

I always found it a very convenient optical instrument for river travel. During the morning we passed Jacksonville, Ft. Leon, and other little villages in Plaquemine Co. till we came to Point a la Hacha. Here the Thos. McDaniells came to a sudden stop. I had been sitting alone on the hurricane deck, and not noticed what was transpiring below. On enquiring the reason for anchoring I was informed that two of the sailors who had been brought on board the night before intoxicated had died, probably from the effects of poisoned liquor. Being still within the limits of city jurisdiction, we had to send back to New Orleans for a Coroner, to hold an inquest over them. Two men were sent ashore in a skiff. They there hired a carriage, drove to the city, and returned, after three hours' absence, with the Coroner and two pine-wood coffins. An inquest was hastily made. The deceased appeared to be Americans, but neither this fact, nor their ages, nor names could be ascertained with certainty. All pretended to be ignorant of the cause of their death, and a verdict was rendered of "death by cholera." The bodies were placed in the coffins and then transferred to the skiff, which was speedily rowed to the shore. A rod or two from the beach, the coffins were consigned to a grave in the light, sandy soil of the river bank. No friends were near to drop a tear for their loss; no orison arose for peace to their ashes: no burial service was read. The yawl returned to our boat and again we were progressing down the river. As we approached the Gulf the scenery became less and less attractive. As far as eye could reach, nothing was to be seen on either side, but vast skirts of sand. Towards sunset we came to the Balize, and anchored in a convenient part of the broad mouth of the river.

At the Balize is a telegraph office communicating with New Orleans; two or three miserable dwelling houses, and several coal yards. Ships could sail down the river, and out to open sea, were it not for the shallowness of the water on the bar, and its continually shifting sands.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the government to convey away the debris, the depth of water on the bar has every year been growing less. There was at the period of my narrative only 9 feet. In 1722 there was said to have been 25 feet. Immense buoys and other seamarks are too be found in great numbers, serving to aid the pilot in keeping the channel of the river. Only the smallest craft can cross the bar without grounding, and the tow boats are necessary to drag the ships by main force and in the right direction through the sand. On Wednesday morning the Thos. McD. towed her ships one at a time, over the bar. They went a little way out into the gulf, and there cast anchor, because there was scarce any wind. Towards night, when our boat was cruising about to get ships to convey back to New Orleans, happening to look towards the Adrian, I saw a man jump overboard from her. Buoys were put out to him, but he did not heed them and soon sank.

"Sank into the depths, with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

He was probably crazy from the effects of adulterated liquor. This night our boat anchored at the telegraph landing. On Thursday morning we received intelligence from the Adrian that another sailor had died aboard of her during the night, and that his body had been committed to the sea. The captain had come in his long boat to the telegraph station, to send information to the owner of the mortality on his ship, and bidding him hasten to the Balize with more sailors, to supply the deficit occasioned thereby.

The first movement of our boat this day, was to a coal yard on a small desert island. Perceiving that the island was covered with high grass, I thought that I might perhaps find there in some woodcocks or quails to shoot. I therefore shouldered my gun and went ashore, and commenced hunting about for

game, but could start nothing but blackbirds. I killed a few of them for sport and then returned to the boat. The Mississippi empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico, by several mouths, technically called *passes*. Hitherto we had been at the South West Pass. On this morning after taking in a supply of fuel, our boat went to Pass-a-Loutre. Here we received a salvo from the clipper barque Grapeshot, commanded by Capt. Rider and owned by George Law. Shortly after the salute, Capt. R. came in a yawl over to our boat and boarded her. He had been lying he said at the pass for a week. After he had been on the Thomas McD. for awhile, he invited our Captain and myself to go over to his barque and take dinner with him. We accepted the invitation and were soon aboard the Grape Shot. He informed us that his cargo was 5,000 stand of condemned arms and 8 cannon. What are condemned arms, the reader may ask. In Massachusetts there are several manufactories where muskets are made for the use of the soldiers of the United States army. Government is, of course, very particular in the selection of arms for her troops. Commissioners are appointed to examine each musket, and such as are not considered by them sufficiently perfect for service in war are called condemned arms. Since arms are often condemned for very slight defects, such are nearly as good and just as safe as those selected. Condemned arms, we said, formed the cargo of the Grapeshot. The marines appeared to be well disciplined and kept under severe restrictions. The decks were as clean and tidy as the Dutch parlors of New Amsterdam, which Diedrich Knickerbocker has so graphically described. Captain Rider was a very jolly man, and amused us exceedingly at the dinner table by his wit and anecdotes. Among other things, he told us of a friend of Tom Moore's, who used to live on sixpence a week. His mode of proceeding was to dine with a friend on Sunday, and that would support vitality very well till Wednesday. He would then make a breakfast on sixpence worth of tripe, and that would make him so devilish sick that he could eat nothing till Sunday again. One other only of Capt. R's. colloquisms, I recollect. He said that most sea-faring men were inordinately

fond of their wives and brandies, but as for himself tea was his favorite beverage. He then exclaimed in the words of some poet,

" Their goblets of silver, their vases of gold,
Let pleasure and luxury boast ;
To the tea-pot alone will philosophy hold,
And bread will be ever its toast."

After the first course had been dispatched, his favorite tea pot was brought on the table and set before him. He lifted off the cover, as if to test the aroma. "Poh!" said he, dropping the lid, "here Pompey, take away this tea, it is so weak that it cannot crawl out of the spout." Other tea, strong enough to suit him was afterwards brought, and he then finished his dinner satisfactorily. Soon after dinner we left Captain Rider, and it is needless to say with many regrets. In speaking of the Grapeshot, we may remark that she was afterwards confiscated to the government for contraband traffic. The munitions of war aboard of her, it appears, were to be sold to the enemies of the United States at Greytown, and Capt. Rider was only waiting at Pass-a-Loutre for a favorable opportunity to make a sale. A year ago the Grapeshot was sent out as a government vessel to pursue Lewis Baker, when he fled justice. She overtook him and he was captured off the Isabella Jewett at the Canary Islands. To continue our narrative. In the course of the afternoon, the Thomas McDaniells drew a vessel called the Hercules, from Liverpool, over the bar and towed it up the pass as far as a little Hamlet called the Pilots' Association, built in a little cove of the river, and situated amid the surrounding waste, like Tadmor in the wilderness. Here we anchored for the night. The village was small but neat, and built for the residence of the pilots, who guide in vessels from the Gulf. On Friday morning, our boat towed over the bar a large ship, called the Reporter, from Boston, with a cargo of ice. In the afternoon, with this ship and the Hercules and three sloops, we started for New Orleans. Our passage up the the river against a seven "knot" current, was necessarily very slow, and to pass away the time, I read one or two of the books that I brought

along with me. We arrived at the "City of Crevases and Creoles" about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday.

The runners of the various sailor boarding-houses scrambled aboard the ships as soon as they touched the wharf, in order to secure the patronage of the emigrants and mariners. They even came out in skiffs, before we touched the landing place. Aptly indeed are they called "land sharks."

I found my health so much improved by this trip, that gun on my shoulder and carpet bag in hand, I walked from the Levee to the place of my residence, (the same distance, which when outward bound, I had hired a carriage to accomplish), with the greatest ease and pleasure.

With lassitude or dyspepsia, I was not troubled again for a twelvemonth: and even now, though more than three years have elapsed, whenever I retire for the night with the conviction that I have employed my time remarkably well, and been a very good young man, I almost invariably dream that I am at the Balize, taking dinner with Captain Rider, on board the clipper barque *Grapeshot*.

ORIGINALITY.

IN purusing the works of those authors deservedly styled great, we are naturally led to inquire into the causes of that greatness. Why is it that a favoured few shine forth as the bright planets of the literary horizon, while the remainder twinkle in comparative dimness? When we turn over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton, we find in every line the secret of their greatness. Stamped indelibly upon those glowing words are the marks of originality.

To define this wonderful gift, would be to set bounds to genius itself—to chain down to earth that eccentric faculty which now flashes comet-like across the sky, startling mortals

with its fiery trail, now shines with the bright refulgence of the sun, and now pours down its placid light with the pale beauty of the moon.

Despite all arguments to the contrary, there does linger in the breasts of a favored few that Promethean spark taken from on high, which converts dull clay into moving, living spirits of light. What thoughts must have crowded through the mind of Shakespeare, as he bent over those undying productions, which at the distance of three centuries still stand unrivalled? In what fancies and flights of imagination did Milton indulge, which though shut out from his bodily vision were yet present to the eye of his soul? The works of truly great men are the communications between their inner selves and the external world. They form the link to join it and the fruits of self-contemplation. Oftentimes their ideas flow along like a torrent swollen and threatening to overleap its barriers, often like the mighty river, proud of its strength and conscious of its dignity.

The man of genius is not content with devouring the opinions of others and making a mere digest. This does not satisfy his mental appetite. He delights to wander alone, to leave the beaten track, and to strike out in new paths. All mankind instinctively bow down to the supremacy of talent as evinced in new and striking productions. In music, poetry, and painting, the magic trio, there lies open to the daring explorer, a broad field, from which to pluck new flowers and weave them into garlands to deck the head of the finder. In the pages of Spenser and Wordsworth, in the soul-thrilling notes of Mozart and Beethoven, in the angelic countenances touched by the pencils of Raphael and Michael Angelo, we find new thoughts and combinations at every inspection. Each of the great masters in his own art, has an undefinable but unmistakeable individuality, to which he owes his eminence. The simple power and majesty of Shakespeare, the towering sublimity of Milton are as different as the sun and moon, yet each is a masterpiece. Thus it is with all the works of genius. Each mind, as has been beautifully expressed, wears its own channel, and though these vents

for imprisoned thought may often have a common goal, yet they are as a radii, intersecting in that point alone.

Originality, even in inferior departments, is acknowledged as superior to studied imitation, however excellent, of preceding models. Polyclitus, despairing of ever rivalling Phidias in his sterner sublimity, and seeing the path of softer beauty as yet untrodden, boldly led the way for a new school of Grecian sculpture.

Besides the broad field of originality which lies open in the fine arts, there is a yet wider in the useful. Each new step which has for its object the improvement of man's condition, should ever be hailed with a cordial welcome. To Watts, Fulton and Whitney are due the unceasing thanks of all civilized communities. "Cotton is king," exclaimed Charles Dickens, but who Warwick-like placed it on the throne?

Yet notwithstanding the advantages which men have derived from originality, the new inventor is ordinarily greeted, not with sympathy and admiration, but with cold contempt; his projects are ridiculed and opposed; his views misinterpreted, and himself neglected. Men are so obstinate in clinging to old forms, so difficult to move from their accustomed places, so blind to their true interest, that one who comes upon them unexpectedly is regarded with distrust. Go, ask Fulton, Fitch, Whitney, what thanks they received from those whom they enriched. Though America's rivers are stemmed by thousands of steamboats, though England and New England are dotted with cotton factories, whose owners count their wealth by millions, where are Whitney and Fitch? In paupers' graves, one of them on the very banks of that river, of all others owing a lasting tribute to his name, while his requiem is sung by the mournful whistle from the hollow throat of the child of his wakening and sleeping fancies.

Truly America owes much to originality. In it her foundations were laid, when Columbus with the happy audacity of genius, crossed that mighty stream the terror of the ancients and their world's boundary; and that foundation was raised to a goodly superstructure when Nature in the person of her great

defender placed the capstone to the glorious edifice. Truly the motto of the United States should be " 'Tis better to fail honorably in originality than to succeed in imitation."

MAJOR PERRINE.

RED HAND.

It was the ocean swelled his billows through the clifted bay,
And told the rocks of the midgard dread, that slept in his coils far 'way;
It was the copper colored moon that glared athwart the sky;
It was the sickly night that wept upon the moor for-by,

Was seen a shape of human mould treading the cliff that night,
The hollow ocean-boom rose up and thrilled his soul with fright;
Deep in the glade below, the brook did its lone being sing,
High in the eyrie overhead the eagle flapped his wing.

O, why watched he the deep-toned sea with wandering, wildered eye,
Upon its upheaved breast did he the foeman's coming spy?
Ah! no, his hands were red with blood, his soul was black with sin,
In the wood he slew a fellow man; shall he lose or win?

Two demons left the realm of Hell to roam the fiend-trod earth,
They came to venge that fearful crime whose equal scarce knew birth,
They stood beneath the quivering asp and eyed that guilty one,
Till from his brow ice-drops of fear fell echoing on the stone.

"Give me thy soul," the first fiend spoke and from the gloom he sprang,
"Give me thy soul," the second howled, wide o'er the land it rang;
They fought: they strove in grapple grim, with curse and howl and roll,
Aye, deftly, on that rock-ribbed reef, they wrestled for his soul.

The voiced peaks catch up the sounds and hurl them left and right,
Till far adown that rocky coast they wake the slumbering night.
The litch-owl screeches bode of death and stirs the raven's wrath.
And the restless forest gives a groan with the mighty throat it hath.

"Back to thy haunt of fanged flame," up sprang one fiend and said:
"And swiftly, swiftly o'er the world thou conquered spirit speed;"

O well I ken that murderer's soul with terror-pangs was torn,
As he saw by the moon that shaggy shape of deepest darkness born,

"Thy soul I claim, thy sin-burnt soul, no more ask I of thee,"
And step by step, full steadily, unto his prey pressed he;
O mercy, mercy, lift an arm, and stay the accursed doom,
Hail down to hell this ruthless fiend and close the opening tomb.

His weakless limbs shrank powerless, his very eyes did grow,
And from his breast there came a sound, the name of God breathed low,
The name of God, was it not good to come to his helping so?
The passing night-wind seized the sound and cast it at the foe,
He stood as stunned: that word was power: he might not farther go.

Against his side with leaden stroke his lifeless arms they fell,
His ghastly eyes were glistening glass glazed with the glare of hell;
Surely it seemed his soul had fled, for moveless stood he there,
As the marble form, in the barons hall, the quiet of death doth wear.
Beware, O man, may-hap the fiend is working a wily snare!

Then from the sea-wave rose a voice, soft was its tone but dread
Upborne upon the Zephyr's wing, it cleft the night and said:

"Though fearful are the finned things that swarm the long sea-wold,
Though fickle is the waveless main, and fast the whirlpool's hold,
Yet fear is for the coward, leap; though fell and false the sea,
Mine heart is bold, mine arm is strong, shall it not succor thee?"

The weird was snapped: the mortal breathed and scanned the hungry wave,
For he would greet with thanks the voice such kindly aidance gave;
It was the Lady of the Wave plaiting her seemly hair.
He saw the *glister* of her gaze, he thought the *fiend* was there.

He turned; O God that demon black close to his soul had come,
His stare was death: but never a breath did swell that bosom numb;
A half-heard shriek, a headlong leap, beneath the foam he fought,
He fought, but sank, for the Wave-Lady no arm of succor brought.

He saw the hundred slimy powers that through the vast deep dart,
The passing sea-snake rubbed its scales against his bounding heart,
And lo! athwart the vernal sea, the fish of terror came,
His cavernous jaws were opened wide, his eyes were living flame.

Back strove he till a whirlpool's grasp did snatch him from the death ;
 In ceaseless circle down he spun, down mid the monster-breath ;
 He gazed beneath, one spike of rock gleamed upward through the wave ;—
 O is there power in Ocean's bound once more the doomed to save !

It nears, it nears, that rocky spike, it will transfix his soul,
 O joy ! an arm of might is stretched to rend him from the goal.
 He thought it was the Wave Lady, of thanks and love he wooed,
 He turned to see the face above, he turned to see the—Fiend.

I.
GUADEAMUS.

I.

Guadeamus igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus ;
 Post jucundam juventutem,
 Post molestam senectutem,
 Nos habebit humus.

II.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
 In mundo fuere ?
 Transeas ad superos,
 Obcas, ad inferos
 Quos si vis videre.

III.

Vita nostra brevis est,
 Brevi finietur,
 Venit mors velociter,
 Rapit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parcetur.

IV.

Vivat academia,
 Vivant Professores,
 Vivat membrum quodlibet
 Vivant, membra, quaelibet.

V. Semper sint in flore.

V.

Vivant omnes virgines,
 Faciles, formosae,

Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae laboriosae.

VI.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antibursch^{is},
Atque irrisores.

VII.

Quis confluxus hodie,
Academicorum ?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt,
In commune forum.

VIII.

Alma Mater floreat,
Quae nos educavit,
Caros et commilitiones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

Editor's Table.

"And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."

HAMLET.

All things now in College have settled down to their wonted quiet and order; newbies have doffed their snobbish manners and have already become good, jolly students. But more than usual order and monotony seem to reign so contrary to the reputation of jolly Princeton. What has become of the "Hogi-Mogi"? In going our editorial rounds for money and Subscribers, all the newbies seemed to fear that the dreaded crowd had come at last (not unnaturally for our spokesman can frighten any man) some closed their doors; donned the caps over their lights, whispered in the dark; some started up amazed and began to feel for their canes, but when they understood it was the editorial crowd fear turned to respect and instead of feeling for their canes they dove their hands into their pockets. But strange to say, one politely and dignifiedly expressed his thanks for the opportunity we had afforded him for showing his generosity, another, presented us each with a water-melon.

But as we said, Princeton has been quiet, no interruption occurring except perhaps "the grand horn spree," the occasional freaks of night prowlers, and the ebullitions of the freshmen, whose use of snuff and their feet to make tutors angry, is really remarkable. Hackneyed as is the custom of making them a butt we cannot help remarking their advance in the scale of importance. I is said that the tutor of Rhetoric is to be advanced over them; a privilege which no other institution enjoy. They therefore should consider with thankfulness the attentions of the faculty in their improvement. From an old book I have in my possession I learn that it is no fiction that freshmen formerly were employed in menial offices, for it says: Voted, that the practice of sending freshmen upon errands, or employing them as servitors, in any manner whatsoever, be from henceforward totally discontinued," and more besides, as says the old record, "Each student upon entering the college is required to transcribe the laws, which being signed by the President is then delivered back to him to be preserved, as the testimony of his fellowship and the rule of his behavior."

The same old book gives the cause of a certain existing state of affairs which we have often wondered at and that is the celibacy of the tutors, but this old chronicle clears it up and shows that there are things which can prevent a "consummation so devoutly to be wished" as love; "to these the college funds, can as yet, afford but scanty livings; the tutors particularly, unless they assume a vow of a celibacy, are unable to continue in their office for [life." But the tutors as a general thing are a generous set of fellows, and most of them gladly subscribe and pay up to the NASSAU LIT.; we say, as most; for in this as in every other good rule, there may be an exception, who has to be placed on our charity list.

Still the college is in a prosperous condition, money is pouring in its coffers and students being dispensed with, so that it will soon be able to sustain itself without any students. Freshmen beware! mind the laws, especially those of the unpublished digest, which have the same effect as the written code, and therefore, as says the expounder of the "terrors of the laws," there is no help for its violators. Never run at the cry of Nassau, or heads out, or at the toot of a horn, and never applaud a good or bad cate from your instructor.

Yet while we are thus becoming stricter in our arrangements, and more studious, we are losing much of the hearty cheer and whole-souled sociality of good college students. We want some songs. In the Oct. number of the Harvard Magazine the same appreciation and want is expressed. "What is so essential, when a band of us are collected in a college room, as a song with a merry chorus? What is found more effective to promote social feeling." "Is it not strange, then, that we have not more original songs among us?" We repeat, it is strange. The editor has worked hard to supply this deficiency and solicited graduates and undergraduates but all have refused. Yet he has been able to catch one, which many may have listened to with pleasure as it sounded sweetly over the campus in the evening or down Jugtown at night. We give it exactly as we heard it.

"Said old Obadiah
To young Obadiah
Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah."

PATHETIC ANSWER.

"Said young Obadiah
To old Obadiah
Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah."

MORAL.

"Said old Obadiah
To young Obadiah
Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah, Obadiah."

Though college life is a pleasant one, and while the whole country is convulsed with a financial panic, we can lay back,

"Inhaling as the news we read,
The fragrance of the Indian weed."

yet good social songs would render it the happiest part of our life. We have inserted Guadeamus, that it might be in every ones hand and mouth.

But clubs, clubs is all the cry. They are as thick as in the days of Addison and Will's, when there were clubs even for the fat men, and the ugly men (very needful here.) We have eating clubs, and sporting clubs are springing up in great numbers. The previous editor gave an account of the cricket club which is improving rapidly, yet we fear that the concern for many of their sons, arising from the prevalence of what Cooper says Joe Bunk was celebrated for, using oaths, which he began at the bar and did not finish till he brought his brig off Montauk, may cause,

"The dear papas and dear mammas
To wish them back home again."

By the extreme kindness of the treasurer of that club, I present a report of one of their best games.

First Side.—J. Hart, R. Galt, Black, Knox, Van Lear, Condit, Howell, Janvier, Tarleton, 76.

Second Side.—Carrington, F. Wood, Zacharie, Dickson, Weyer, Newkirk, Sexton, Lampkin, C. Van Rensselaer, 28.

Two Base Ball clubs are in active operation beside the Foot Ball. We present the organization of the Freshman Club.

Pres., C. Dod,	Mr. Lewis,	} Standing Committee.
Sec., J. Wiley,	Mr. Noye,	
Treas., Mr. Janeway.	Mr. L. Atwater,	

The object of this standing committee is to remove all bricks, stones, and other obstructions on the ground, which are liable to cut the feet and impede the operations of this energetic club. But the summer has passed and chill winter will stop our games. Bring on the hot cakes ye boarding house keepers. Winter has its charms especially to those

"Who spend the day with merry cheer,
And drink and revel every night;"

to midnight adventurers and those who study "the ethics of outer darkness." No longer will Mrs. Jim be patronized, but to Gibes the crowd will press. The editor wouldn't mind if each one of the subscribers grateful for his kindness in relieving their pockets and storing their heads, would show their liberality in this way. A little of this sort of treatment might have had the effect which the Archdeacon of Oxford declared it had on him.

"Mihi nunquam splritus prophetae datur
Nisi tunc cum fuerit *venter* bene satur;
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur
In me Phoebus irruit, ac miranda datur."

But such good cheer is lost sight of in these days, money is scarce, "profit is in more request than honor," as says Sir W. Temple concerning the Dutch, of his day, and as the Dutch are just again coming to notice, his remarks may be of value, he says, "In Holland there is more sense than wit, more good nature than good humor, more wealth than pleasure; where a man would find more things to observe than desire, and more men to esteem than to love."

Now, dear reader, we commence to feel easy, we have passed through Quarterly, and the great financial pressure without much loss of money or of patience. The reader may judge of the editors trouble, when he tells you all the pieces but one were solicited, and many more were solicited to be rejected yet none received, And now to our dear Mag.

"We'll give thee—ah too charming maid,
We'll give thee to the devil."

And you, dear reader, we now invite
To call around and take a pipe.

EDITOR.

P. S. The pun department of the editorial was entrusted to the Treasurer of the Cricket Club—a precocious punster—to whose neglect the absence of puns in the editorial must be attributed.

ERRATUM.—p. 75. 7th line from bottom of page, read "may not be."

EXCHANGES.

Kenyon Collegian, Williams Quarterly, Young Men's Mag., Georgia University Mag., Students Miscellany of Wisconsin St. University, Harvard Magazine.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are two prizes of twenty-five dollars each, for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for this prize. Every essay must have a fictitious signature, with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They will then be submitted to a committee selected from the Faculty, who will decide on their respective merits.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office,) post paid to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine," Princeton, New Jersey.

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EDITORS.

SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER,
DECEMBER,

C. VAN RENSSELAER, JR., N. J.
CHARLES E. HART, N. J.
FRANKLIN F. WESTCOTT, N. J.
FRANCIS C. ZACHARIE, LA.

